# O Sacred Head Now Wounded

1. O sacred head now wounded  
    With grief and shame way down,  
   Now scornfully surrounded  
    With thorns Thine only crown.  
   O sacred Head, what glory,  
    What bliss till now was Thine!  
   Yet, though despised and gory,  
    I joy to call Thee mine.
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,   
    Was all for sinners’ gain;  
   Mine, mine was the transgression,   
    But Thine the deadly pain.  
   Lo, here I fall, my Savior!  
    ‘Tis I deserve Thy place;  
   Look on me with Thy favor,   
    Assist me with Thy grace.
3. What language shall I borrow   
    To thank Thee, dearest friend,  
   For this Thy dying sorrow,   
    Thy pity without end?  
   O make me Thine forever,   
    And should I fainting be,  
   Lord, let me never, never   
    Outlive my love to Thee.